

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

CREATURE COMFORTS

"Steam heat and electric lights!" Not long ago I was passing through the streets of a city in which there had been much building lately.

Blocks of two and three family houses were going up everywhere. And everywhere one saw those two inducements blazoned across the top of the "To Let" or "For Sale" in print that dwarfed all the rest.

One would think that absolutely the only things worth looking for in a house were steam heat and electric lights.

Never mind about any individuality of architecture—what is that to one who has these supreme blessings, steam heat and electric lights?

Do not ask if there are open fireplaces. What could anyone want of an open fireplace when a beautiful shiny new radiator floods the room with heat?

What Do You Want of Sunshine? What if there is not space enough between the houses to let the sunshine into the rooms? What could you want of anything so old-fashioned as sunshine when you have steam for heating and electricity for light?

A friend of mine took half of an old-fashioned house in preference to a new apartment. She has large rooms, open fireplaces and a wealth of sunshine. But she hasn't steam heat or electric light. And now her friends who have these blessings

As if she was not better off than many of them! Of course Steam Heat and Electricity Are Good Things.

Of course I do not mean to say that steam heat and electric lights are not good things to have. Personally I object to steam heat. I hate radiators, they are the ugliest things ever made, and they are always just where you want to put some piece of furniture. When I build my house it will have an old-fashioned furnace.

Neither am I so crazy about electric lights as most people. In fact I would really rather read by a good old-fashioned kerosene lamp (if I didn't have to fill it myself).

These are Only Personal Prejudices. But these are merely personal points of view and quite beside the point.

What I resent in these signs is that they symbolize the mania for creature comforts which seems to possess the age.

Not that creature comforts are not good, especially when they make for efficiency in living. The danger comes when they mean more to us than anything else when beauty and the other realities are subordinated to them.

Have your steam heat and electric lights—if you want them, but don't forget to want fireplaces and sunshine, too.



Without Father or Mother

The tots shown in the accompanying photograph are only a few of the thousands of Belgian children.

These thousands of innocent little folk probably would not be alive today but for the care given them through the Belgian Relief Committee.

Many of them are war orphans that is, their fathers have been killed resisting the German invasion, and their mothers have died of privation.

To-day as the picture, which was sent to the local Belgian Relief Committee, 59 St. Peter St., Montreal, shows, they are husky and happy children.

The youngsters seen here are being fed in a schoolroom that has escaped the shell of the "Jack Johnsons."

Having finished one plate of soup they are looking expectant and it is evident from the encouraging expression and attitude of the at-

tendants, that they are going to get more.

Isn't it worth while to keep the light of life and strength shining in these chubby faces? And yet it is certain that unless the contributions to the Relief Committee pour in steadily and even increasingly, some of these babies are going to pine away and die of sheer starvation.

Their needs are simple. They do not require goodies or gaudy presents. But they must have the bare necessities of life, and these they absolutely cannot get except by the help of more fortunate citizens of other nations, through the Relief Committee. Their relatives are all either dead or deprived of any means of livelihood.

So for their sakes and for the sake of their noble high-minded race, goes forth the appeal to humanity for bread to keep alive a nation. Send your subscriptions through your local Committee or to the Central Belgian Relief Committee, 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal, P.Q.



THE SPIDER GIANT.

Jack Spider was having a ball. And such a ball! Why, Jack himself had woven a cobweb fence around a square of ground in the fairy forest and on the fence, every inch or so, sparkled a firefly lantern. What's more, he'd woven a tight-rope and on it a gay little fairy with a cobweb umbrella was dancing back and forth, back and forth, and bowing to his guests.

There were a good many guests, garden and harvest spiders and dear, knows what other kind of spiders, dressed in their very best. It was a night for dancing. Many a lady spider wore a necklace of dewdrops and a gown of cobweb, many a gentleman spider wore a coat of flower-petals and a high hat. And the moon shone and the firefly lamps twinkled on the cobweb fence and the crickets played away upon their fiddles.

and the gay little fairy danced beneath her cobweb umbrella, when— Oh, dear! It was most dreadful! There, staring over the fence at them all, was a giant creature with furry feet and dreadful starry eyes.

"I eat birds!" he said in a loud voice.

They all stared at him in horror. The music stopped—the dancing stopped.

"I eat birds!" he repeated in a louder voice. "And I'm a spider, too! Why didn't somebody invite me to this dance?"

Nobody said anything. They just couldn't! For the dreadful giant with the furry feet was as big as a mouse and he could have eaten any one of them in all their finery. Dear me, he could have eaten the orchestra if he'd tried.

"Who is he?" whispered the spiders. "Who is he?"

"I-I think," faltered Jack Spider, "that he's my cousin from South America and he is a bird-eating spider just as he says, but I'm just as afraid of him as you are and that's a fact!"

"I eat birds!" said the giant again. "And I can eat beetles and crickets, too, if I feel like it, and I believe I could even eat spiders!"

"He's a cannibal!" whispered the spiders. "And a dreadful old bully! Why did he come all the way from South America just to break up the spiders' ball?"

"I'll fix him!" cried the little fairy who had been dancing on the tight-rope, and with one wave of her fairy wand she put him to sleep.

And then she sent for a bat she knew and after a great deal of trouble and puffing and panting they managed to lift the giant to the bat's back and tie him there with cobweb ropes, and the bat took him back to South America, where he belonged, and nobody knows yet how he got to the fairy forest in the first place.

EAST OAKLAND

The high wind and snow on Sunday last made traffic somewhat difficult.

Mr. Harry Spencer is drawing bolts to Waterford.

Willard Poss laid off one or two days and then started ashore teaming lumber to Waterford.

Mr. O'Riley and brother Fred were calling on George Bannister on Thursday.

Mr. S. Byers was calling on friends on Thursday.

Mrs. William Stevenson, who has been ill, is much improved.

Mrs. G. Green was the guest of Mrs. Isaac Hilborn on Wednesday.

Mrs. S. Byers was calling on old friends on Thursday.



Rippling Rhymes

THE RICH MAN

The rich man, in the diatribes of virtuous and moral scribes, is full of sin and tricks and guile, dishonestly he gets his pile. Wealth is for him the only lure; he has no patience with the poor; that he may gain his place on deck, he steps upon his brother's neck. He is a pirate and a fraud; the law should strip him of his wad. We applaud this sort of stuff, and hail the scribes, "Lay on, MacDuff!" We yell "hooray!" and wave our hats, and

help to roast the plutocrats. And while we cuss the wealthy lads, we're busy hustling for the seeds. We bust suspenders every day, in fear a plank will get away. The more we get the more we need; we have the rich man's grasping greed without the wondrous skill he owns for gathering the shining bones.

And that is why he has our hate; we're down on any soulless skate, who takes in plunks where we get dimes; we can't forgive his godless crimes.

THE TAX ON FIRM'S PROFITS

How a Company Can Give \$1,000 to Patriotic Fund At a Cost of \$750

It may not be known generally that contributions to the Canadian Patriotic Fund and the Red Cross can be treated as expenses in any business subject to the federal tax on profits. This implies, of course, that the profits on which the tax is based are lessened by the amount of the contributions.

Take a sample case. A business makes a profit of \$10,000 in excess of seven per cent. The tax on this of 25 per cent. is \$2,500. But if the business has contributed \$1,000 to

the Patriotic Fund its profits will be estimated at \$9,000, and its taxation will be reduced from \$2,500 to \$2,250, a saving of \$250.

This means, therefore, that a thousand dollar contribution costs the giver but \$750.

The campaign in Brantford will be inaugurated next week, when all can give to it.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. External remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the seat of the disease. It is prescribed by one of the best physicians in the country for years and in regular prescriptions. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best of the most powerful astringents. It cures catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

OUR DAILY PATTERN SERVICE

Valuable Suggestions or the Handy Homemaker—Order Any Pattern Through the Courier. Be Sure to State Size.

LADY'S RUSSIAN BLOUSE.

By Anabel Worthington.

There is a time for all things and, you will agree, there are many occasions for a Russian blouse such as you see in the picture. For the length of the garment you have two chances, according to just how Russian you want to be, and the sleeves may be in either of two lengths.

The upper edges of the fronts and back of the blouse are gathered to square yokes that give a neat, fitted effect; to take care of the fulness below the yokes a belt may encircle at normal waistline, or a sash may be arranged to tie loosely and drape in front as shown.

The sailor collar and smart cuffs with braid trimming give the attractive finishing touches. Suit yourself about the number of buttons you will sew on, but there is safety in a number and also a degree of style.

Jersey of course is a most satisfying fabric, but there are many other weaves equally suited to the developing of this type of garment. So clear is the pattern that it really does all but sew the pieces together.

The blouse pattern, No. 8,129, is cut in sizes, 36-42. To make in size 36 requires three and one-half yards forty-four inch material for full length blouse; four yards braid, two and one-half yards material forty-four inches wide for shorter length.

To obtain the pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.



8129

RAILWAYMEN WANT RECRUITS

256th Battalion Seeks Volunteers Throughout Ontario

The 256th Railway Construction Battalion (Toronto Unit, with Lieut. Col. W. A. McConnell in command) is recruiting throughout Ontario, and any man, skilled or unskilled, who can do a day's work, and pass the physical standard for recruits (which standard has been considerably lowered for this unit), will be accepted. The age limit for the unit is forty-eight years. Any man who cannot get a medical examination in his own locality, may proceed to the nearest recruiting depot, and if he is not passed he will be allowed his railway fare, and pay for time lost, at the rate of \$1.70 per day.

If he is passed as fit, his pay commences immediately and recruits will be given sufficient time in which to attend to their personal affairs before reporting for mobilization. The Headquarters of the Unit is at 24 Front Street West, Toronto.

By joining this unit you will help in a very important way to bring victory to our cause. It is upon such battalions as the 256th that the men in the fighting trenches depend for their supplies, food and ammunition; and without which they are helpless in front of the enemy; and also are unable to "send" back promptly their wounded for medical attention unless backed up by units like ours.

Following are the rates of pay and allowances in this unit:

The pay and allowance on enlistment amount to \$1.10 per day, average per month...\$33.00
Clothing, rations and quarters, estimated per month... 30.00
Separation allowance, if married, or only support of a household, per month... 20.00

Total...\$83.00

If promoted to rank of Sergeant: Pay and allowance, \$1.50 per day, average per month...\$45.00
Clothing, rations and quarters, estimated per month... 30.00
Separation allowance, if married, or only support of a household, per month... 25.00

Total...\$100.00

The above amounts do not include the allowances made from Patriotic Funds, which are granted in accordance with the requirements of individual cases, and which average on the basis of \$12 for a family of wife and two children.

So, join now and help. The battalion will go as a unit. Bring your friends and relatives with you.

ABOLISH GAMBLING AT RACETRACKS

Quebec Social Service Congress Would Have it Made a Crime

RESOLUTION

To That Effect Forwarded to the Dominion Government

Montreal, Jan. 29.—The Quebec Social Service Congress which opened to-day in Emmanuel Congregational Church here under the auspices of the Social Service Council of Canada passed a resolution asking the Dominion Government to make the business of racetrack gambling a crime, "just as the business of gambling everywhere else and at all times is a crime."

The resolution was moved by Rev. Dr. J. G. Shearer of Toronto, Secretary of the Social Service. Rev. Mr. Reid, supporting the resolution, said Canada and Mexico are the only countries on the continent which permit racetrack gambling.

Mr. Reid said he had been told that each of the mile tracks around Montreal cleared \$10,000 a day and the half mile tracks \$5,000. He condemned gambling at church, bars and buying on margin in the stock market.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

3 Teaspoonful of Red Rose Tea go as far as 5 Teaspoonful of ordinary tea



Cheap Tea Not Economical!

Many people complain about the poor flavor of the cheap tea they are using, but are trying to put up with it because they think they are saving money.

In reality, cheap tea is rarely more economical, often less economical, than Red Rose Tea.

While Red Rose Tea may cost a few cents more, or even 10 cents more per pound, than common tea three teaspoonful of Red Rose Tea are equal to five teaspoonful of common tea.

Less Red Rose Tea is required in the tea pot, because this master blend of Indian-Ceylon teas consists largely of the famous hill grown teas of Assam, India.

These Assam teas excel in vigor, richness and strength. Their leaves yield more liquor and a fuller flavored liquor. Blended with Ceylons they make the ideal tea for flavor and economy.

Try a sealed package of Red Rose Tea and keep count of the extra number of cups it yields in comparison with cheap teas. You will find that Red Rose is worth every cent asked for it—and that it costs no more to use this delightful tea.

Sold Only in Sealed Packages



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